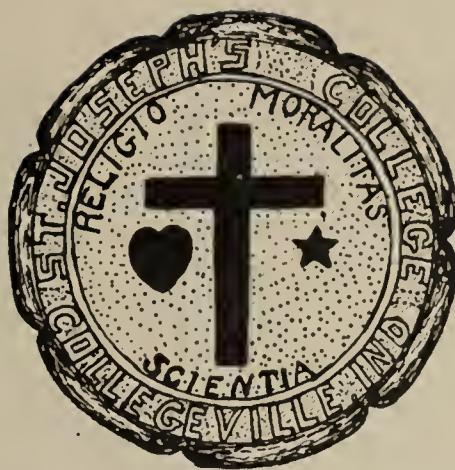


The Cheer



ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE—ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1924

Nos. 19-20



OUR VARSITY NINE



VARSITY BASEBALL SEASON HAS BEEN AN UPHILL FIGHT

Despite the fact that the weather man, injuries and bad breaks have constantly interfered, the St. Joe varsity has rung down the curtain on a successful diamond campaign. Six victories and three defeats under the conditions is a fine record. The Crane game is an old story while the defeat at the hands of Loyola after ten innings of air-tight baseball needs no explanation. The Danville game alone is without an alibi, the team was simply off color.

Not once during the entire season did the Collegians present their full strength. Early in the season Lauer was out with a bad knee. Next it was Weier with a broken collar bone. Rose was called home and to cap the climax Tommy Neff wrenched his trusty right wing. It has been one tough break after another; nevertheless the

Saints have performed well in the face of the adversities.

"Kewpie" Ratermann was the life-saver of the hurling corp, for when Bullet Tommy was injured he stepped into the St. Joe captain's shoes and put up a scrappy argument. His cool work in the Loyola encounter was nothing short of sensational. His pitching arm useless, for the time being, Neff stepped into the limelight as a slugger and his three circuit clouts and his hefty average attest to this fact. Boone, the third hurler on the squad, did well in the two minor games he pitched.

Behind the bat Phil Rose did some nifty backstopping besides weighing in with several timely bingles. Stock also did good work, especially during Rose's absence. His receiving in both the Central Normal and the Loyola game was of a high order.

Weier, Hoffman, O'Connor and Gunderman formed a reliable infield quar-

ter and the enemy bingles that escaped them were few. In the outer garden, Lauer, McGuire and Roach took care of the enemy's overhead attack in a worthy manner. Johnny Klen, first as an outfielder and later as a first baseman, was on the job all the time and his ability to step into any position, either in the outfield or infield made him a valuable utility man. As a unit the team hit and fielded consistently and the result was a well balanced combination.

Graduation will cut a mighty swath in the squad. Among those leaving in June are: Tom Neff, Ratermann, Rose, Stock, Weier, O'Connor, Gunderman, Roach, Lauer, McGuire and Klen. We hate to see them leave because they have always given us their best, and by their departure the Purple and Red will lose a host of true defenders. The Cheer extends to every one of them a hearty good wish for continued success.

OUR SENIOR GRADUATES--1924

EUGENE C. ARNOLDI

He dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Besides the springs of.....Fostoria.

Yes, since his advent here three years ago from St. John's, Toledo, Eugene has led a rather quiet and unassuming life. By his pleasing personality he has won for himself a large circle of friends who enjoy his patience and ability in the art of teasing. Will Cincinnati see him next fall? We hope so. The best of luck go with you, Gene.

FRANCIS L. FATE

Glancing desultorily over some snaps of our first year, 1918-19, we see pleasing contrasts to evoke hearty laughter,—for there, in knickers stood he who is the tallest of us now. Yes, Tiffin, Ohio, sent the President of our class to St. Joe six years ago. In his career here the past year found him a member of "ye editors" of the Cheer. As Louis XI, in that drama, and as Richelieu in the Commencement play, Mother Nature did her part to make Francis prominent. But the footlights have no permanent claim on the "tall boy" who this fall will be found delving midst philosophy in preparation for the pulpit. Oh, Fate!

H. ARTHUR FROEHLE

This diminutive Daytonian, who joined the Class of '24 five years ago, in spite of all his whirl-wind propensities is leaving St. Joe in a distinctly creditable manner. During the last summer vacation he was one of the student-body's C. S. M. C. delegates to the Notre Dame convention. "Ashur" will long be remembered for his cheery voice, rousing us of mornings in the lavatory. September will find him at St. Gregory Seminary, Cincinnati.

GORDON G. HAGSTROM

A man of many cities and varied experiences is our "Hagie." On coming here in 1919 he claimed the "Rubber City" as his home, but as years passed on he moved to Chi. Now at the grand climax he's living in both. Though often portraying the villain or "crook" in C. L. S. productions, "Hagie" is best remembered in "The Poor Little Joe" given as a member of the Newmans. Trouble to the prefect, pigeons and tennis, have been his hobbies. Our good wishes go with him in the continuance of his studies at Cincinnati this autumn.

ALPHONSE J. LUCKE

In the good natured and dependable person of Alphonse Lucke, Miller City, Ohio, has given its quota to the Class of '24. Alphonse has a very unassuming disposition which he exchanges for a very aggressive one only when there is competition awaiting him on the hardwood or gridiron. During this last year he has affiliated himself with the "candy trust" without detriment to the efficiency of his

work as stage manager for the C. L. S. After giving the candy sellers of his home town the benefit of his own experience in this line of business during the coming summer, Alphonse will enter Mt. Saint Mary's of the West.

CARL A. MILLER

"Butch," the man of the beard, generally devotes Wednesdays and Saturdays to the cultivation of his manly growth. He claims there is as much art—and who will deny it?—in raising a good beard as there is in the growing of that famous vegetable, known as potatoes. Debating, sheep-head, apples and "spuds" are some of his delicacies during school days. He will be in the philosophers at Cincy this fall.

EDWIN M. MINNEMAN

"Bill" comes from Logansport, Ind., and during his years at St. Joe has become much attached to the place and the student-body among whom he has won a large number of friends. His is a calm disposition with a hearty smile of recognition for everybody. Of the college sports "Bill" has always found his greatest delight in tennis so much so that his name among the students here is almost synonymous with this game. He will probably follow it up some at Mount St. Mary's, Cincinnati, this fall.

EDWARD A. O'CONNOR

In this paragraph we have the pleasure of introducing our poet laureate in the person of "Eddie," the contributing editor of the Cheer. In past years he has scattered his verses here and there without anyone's taking much notice of his poetic vein. This year, however, his position on the staff was both an inducement and an opportunity for greater efforts. One poem is a source of special pleasure for Ed, the one in which he claims to have out-done Horace himself for the golden tea-pot. Baseball, basketball, football, and the Cheer are some of his manias. Eddie is wavering between Hollywood and Cincy. Which?????

ISIDORE J. PAULUS

Coming from Akron, Izzy at once won recognition as a prima (?) donna by joining the choir. He has been faithful to that organization and many is the time he has thrilled the multitude. (Shhh! In the dorm.) As manager of the candy trust Izzy became quite well known, and through his untiring efforts he kept the showcase clean. From indications, studying is a pleasant pastime for him,—look at the grades and make sure. Some Seminary will claim him when the leaves come tumbling down.

ANTHONY M. QUINLISK

Strauge it is, but Tony, as well as Hagie, likes pigeons. After becoming

home-sick this Spring he broke his arm to get to Lafayette. Ingenious, we'll say. Now he is trying to figure out how he can capture Lucke's pink letters. Well, good luck to you, anyway. Tony is also one of those who have made St. Joe their home for six years, and is now graduating with the illustrious '24. Rumor says that the mayor of Lafayette, (town marshal?), is coming up with the entire village. We'll bunk them in the Raleigh club where they can enjoy the roof gardens. Tony's looking up train schedules for Cincy already.

ALBIN H. RATERMANN

"Kewp" is one of those examples of a big man from a little town. Fort Loramie, Ohio, is the place. No doubt, as a small boy playing by the reservoir, he looked to the day of his going to college. A half dozen years ago he realized the hope which is now coming to a close in graduation. In his time here "Kewp" has achieved much success. Our "Benediction organist," he is also a writer. His talents and "push" were much in evidence as Editor-in-Chief of the Cheer during the last year. On the College nine he is the southpaw twirler whose cool head has won several games for S. J. C. And the Gold Medal in Oratory is his. "Kewp" will be an interested student of philosophy at St. Greg's. May all luck attend you, "Kewp."

JOHN ROACH

With a tendency towards 100 per cent "ism." John is finishing his sixth year at St. Joe. Since his coming from Youngstown he has twinkled considerably in both baseball and basketball; and now he is becoming just as proficient in the mysterious language of Greek. Wait until he gets hold of Hebrew in the Sem. It'll be like candy to "Brick." It is not well known, but he loves to receive pink letters too. Who of us "noble Seniors" shall ever forget that picture of Johnny sitting at his desk, with his fingers in his ears, bent on studies? Cincy, John??

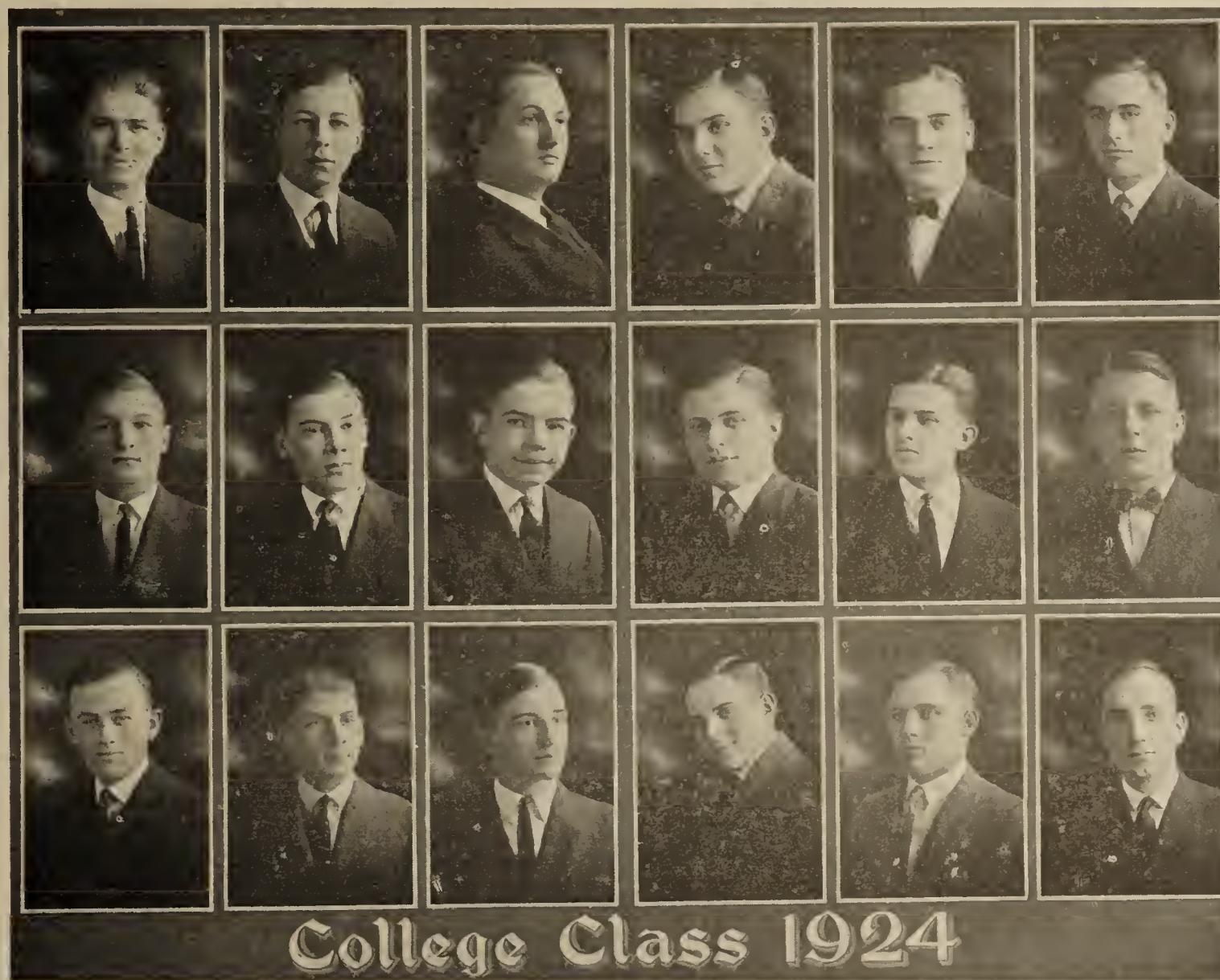
PHILIP J. ROSE

A man of pleasing personality, accentuated by means of dramatic qualities—covers Phil fairly well. In tennis he conditions himself for his chief pastime as catcher for the varsity nine; and rarely do we find a cooler, headier catcher than Phil. For several months past he has been working on his new book, "Love, Where Art Thou?" and expects to have it published in the near future. There's where Madame Glyn goes out of business! As a waiter of Row 3 Phil has won renown, now here, now there, now somewhere else. But who remembers how round and plump he was just six summers ago? He will go home to Burlington, Wisconsin, this summer and from there to the Sem.

AMBROSE SCHILLING

When you think of me, don't think of billiards.

But when you think of billiards,



Left to Right, Top Row—Edwin Minneman, Gordon Hagstrom, Francis Fate, Carl Willacker, Edward O'Connor, Carl Miller. Left to Right, Center—Alphonse Lucke, Isidore Paulus, Albin Ratermann, Eugene Arnoldi, Ambrose Schilling, Arthur Froehle. Left to Right, Bottom Row—Anthony Quinlisk, Marcus Vogel, Herbert Weier, Philip Rose, Robert Stock, John Roach.

think of me.

That is, in a word, Ambrose's policy. For several years now he has been connected with the billiard rooms, but never does he allow business to interfere with his personality,—to hide his personality under the bushel is not his business. Five years ago with a shy and bashful look on his face, and tears of homesickness just peeping out of his eyes, he trooped in from Marietta, on the Ohio. Now, with the shyness gone, and the tears fled to the unknown, he is an illustrious graduate. He, too, will make Cincy Sem his new Alma Mater.

ROBERT STOCK

Honest "Abe" comes from Missouri,—St. Joe, Missouri, to be exact, where the corn grows tall and where nature prepares her football players. By nature quiet and observant, Bob has never mingled much in Collegeville "politics," but he is nevertheless very well known. At all times Abe has a kind word and a smile from everyone. He is a gentleman through and through. You know he has been one of the foremost Turners of the Class of '24, and an exceptionally fine catcher on this year's varsity. During '23-

'24 as chief laundryman he leaves many indelible marks of his excellent work. Good luck be with you, Bob!

MARCUS A. VOGEL

This tall, lithely built, and classical looking Marcus hails from a point in which is not to be confused with other Sanduskies in the same State. In the past year the Columbians burdened him with the Presidency of their society. In the field of physical exercise Mark is decidedly at his best on the tennis courts. There we can usually find our tall "sheik," slinging a wicked racket, perspiring profusely, and—choosing his words carefully (?). If the omens speak correctly he will be at St. Greg's in September.

HERBERT A. WEIER

"Floss" hardly needs an introduction to Cheer readers. His fame in all branches of athletics has long made him widely known. But who remembers the time, now three years since, when "Floss" first came into prominence by making his first famous end-run for St. Joe? That's when Weier came into the lime-light, and by adding new accomplishments as the years passed, he has kept himself there. But do not get the impression that Herb

is merely an athlete,—far from it, for he is a scholar of no small promise, as well. Monroe, Michigan, will claim him back this summer, but when "the forest casts the leaf" he will find solace in philosophy.

CARL W. WILLACKER

Guiding the team of the hardwood through a most successful season, the basketball manager, reached his fame. It seems as though Nature was in a playful mood when she parted his hair in the middle. And since Carl is a student of nature he doesn't intend to interfere with her handiwork. Just now he is beginning to worry about the tonsure. But Carl has ever distinguished himself in the class room, either by answering professor's questions or by seeking to expound new doctrines. May you be a great philosopher at Cincy, "Monk"! It is rumored that the Bucyrus band will welcome him home next week.

If all these prophecies come out as predicted, there are going to be some great men in the old U. S. But anyhow it gives everyone a goal, to strive for, a target to shoot at, and as Ty Cobb says, "It's all in the effort!"

Historical Drama for Commencement

To Present Lytton's Richelieu

On Tuesday evening, the tenth of June, the Columbian Literary Society will present to the public the well known historical drama of Bulwer Lytton, Cardinal Richelieu. Much preparation has been and is still being done to present this play in proper fashion. The following is the cast:

Louis XIII, King of France.....	Albin Ratermann
Gaston, Duke of Orleans, Brother to the King.....	Edwin Minneman
Count de Baradas, the King's Favorite.....	Eugene Arnoldi
Cardinal Richelieu, Minister of France.....	Francis Fate
The Chevalier de Mauprat.....	Philip Rose
Roland de Mortemar, Ward to Richelieu.....	Marcus Vogel
The Sieur de Beringhen, one of the Conspirators.....	Edward O'Connor
Clermont, a Courtier.....	Joseph Gundermann
Joseph, a Monk, Richelieu's Confidant.....	Carl Willacker
Francois, a page to Richelieu.....	Gordon Hagstrom
Huguet, Officer in Richelieu's Household, a spy.....	Ambrose Schilling
De Lorme, a spy.....	John Roach
First Secretary of State.....	Sylvester Ziemer
Second Secretary of State.....	Isidore Paulus
Third Secretary of State.....	Anthony Quinlisk
Captain of the Archers.....	Anthony Schilling
Courtiers, Pages, Conspirators and Soldiers.	

The administration of Cardinal Richelieu, whom history justly considers the true architect of the French Monarchy, and the great parent of French civilization, is characterized by features, alike tragic and comic. A weak king,—an ambitious favorite; a despicable conspiracy against the minister, nearly always associated with a dangerous treason against the State—these, with little variety of names and dates, constitute the eventful cycle through which with a dazzling ease, and an arrogant confidence, the great luminary fulfilled its destinies.

It has been fairly remarked, by the most impartial historians, that he was no less generous to merit than severe to crime—that, in the various departments of the State, the Army and the Church, he selected and distinguished the ablest aspirants—that the wars which he conducted were, for the most part, essential to the preservation of France, and Europe itself, from the formidable encroachments of the Austrian House—that, in spite of those wars, the people were not oppressed with exorbitant imposts—and that he left the kingdom he had governed in a more flourishing and vigorous state than at any former period of the French history, or at the decease of Louis XIV.

The cabals formed against this great statesman were not carried on by the patriotism of public virtue, or the emulation of equal talent; they were but court struggles, in which the most worthless agents had recourse to the most desperate means. Such then, are the agents, and such the designs with which truth, in this drama as in History, shows the character of this celebrated Cardinal,—not disguising his foibles or his vices, but also not unjust to his grander qualities,—especially love of country,—with which his character was tempered.

How the Saints Rode the Pill

	A. B.	R	H	T. B.	S. B.	S. O.	B. B.	H. B.	r. b. i.	S. H.	PC
Hoffman	37	13	16	23	11	6	5	0	10	0	432
Neff, Tom	21	6	8	17	4	8	1	0	4	0	380
O'Connor	33	13	11	23	5	7	4	3	5	2	333
Klen	30	6	10	11	8	13	2	0	4	0	333
Rose	18	5	5	5	3	5	5	1	3	1	278
Roach	40	14	10	14	12	8	6	1	7	0	250
Lauer	16	2	2	3	3	1	2	0	0	1	250
Gunderman	37	8	9	9	11	11	0	0	10	2	243
Stock	18	2	4	4	0	2	0	0	1	0	222
Boone	9	2	2	2	0	5	0	0	0	0	222
Weier	23	8	5	6	7	2	0	0	3	0	217
McGuire	38	13	8	11	12	8	1	2	5	0	211
Ratermann	16	1	3	4	0	4	3	0	1	0	188
Neff, F.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	000
Sonderman	5	0	0	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	000
Team Batting	339	94	95	132	76	80	29	7	53	6	280
Opponents	325	46	62	76	21	81	18	5	..	5	191

Note—A. B., at Bat; R., Runs; H., Hits; T. B., Total Bases; S. B., Stolen Bases; S. O., Struck Out; B. B., Base on Balls; H. B., Hit Batsman; R. B. I., Runs Batted In; S. H., Sacrifice Hits; PCT., Per Cent.

Home Runs—Neff, T., 3, O'Connor; Three-Base Hits—O'Connor 3, McGuire, Hoffman; Two-Base Hits—Hoffman 5, Roach 4, O'Connor 3, Ratermann, Klen, Weier, Lauer, McGuire. Opponents: Two-Base Hits—9; Three-Base Bits—2. Home Runs, None.

Class Poem

Eugene Arnoldi
Bashful and coy;
Great in achievement
This fair-faced boy.

Francis L. Fate
Star of the stage;
Our class president
Best of the age.

Arthur B. Froehle,
Genius most high;
Tennis and art
Be he remembered by.

Gordon J. Hagstrom,
Friendly to all;
Good looks will mark him
In fame's bright hall.

Alphonsus Lucke . . .
True to the core;
Boss of the stage
And the candy store.

Carl A. Miller,
Deathless through Greek;
After a shave
A regular Sheik.

Edwin Minneman,
A man of men;
Supreme in tennis
And violin.

Edward O'Connor
With bat and with pen
Hath won his place
Midst the greatest men.

Isidore Paulus
Honored by all—
Star of the class room
And study hall.

Anthony Quinlisk,
Irishman staunch,
Who'll break an arm to have
Pigeons for lunch.

Albin H. Ratermann,
To all a dear;
Hurls for the Reps.,
And edits the CHEER.

John Francis Roach
Ranks with the best;
John will make good
In life's hard test.

Philip J. Rose,
Artist at all;
Graceful in speaking
And in baseball.

Ambrosius Schilling,
Ambition's man,
Who grasps what others
From far off scan.

Robert R. Stock,
Missouri's hope;
The forecast marks him
Our future Pope.

(Continued on page 16.)



Raleigh Club Orchestra

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE IN EVERY DAY LIFE

Many jokes are cracked at the expense of the college graduate making his start in life and business. Traditionally he is called conceited. It is supposed to take a year or two to knock the nonsense out of him. One would think he went out job-hunting with diploma in hand, ready from the start to give the boss full information on how to run the affairs.

As a matter of fact, one of the most valuable features of the college course is that it does take so much nonsense out of a fellow. If he has rough corners, they don't stand the intimate jostling of the campus. He is laughed out of his conceits, shamed out of boorishness, and turned out a gentleman. The qualities grouped under the slang word "Freshness" are hazed out of him. If he has self-assurance, it is simply that he has already done something worth while and has confidence in his new effort.

Of course, he has his weakness. College life has so much social and sporting pleasure, so much is done for the boy, that the outside world must at first sight seem a very cold and workaday place. But he foresees and expects all that.

The supposed conceit of the college boy is pretty much unconscious. Naturally, after associating with a picked class of men, he finds more common-place types rather dull and tame. He may not feel above them, just isn't interested in them.

Where he fails is not realizing that the school of hard knocks and daily life also has its value. The fellows

who never took any scholastic degree have had experiences worth even his attention. They know a lot of useful things never taught by any professor. When the college graduate learns the worth of all human personality, then he begins to fit in the groove of daily work, and his mental training begins to count.

HAVE A PURPOSE

Work for something, not for nothing. To live just for the fleeting moment or for today only, is not wise. Without some aim, one's time and work go for naught. The years go by and he has nothing to show for them. If not advancing, we are falling back. If not keeping alive, growing to something better and higher, we are becoming weaker and of less worth. Even though we never reach the goal, we have made some advance in striving for it.

A good aim, a real purpose in life, makes worth of character. All have not the same tastes. There is a wide field from which to choose what one will work for. And this is well. The one, universal aim is the same, to live truer, better lives from day to day. A life without a purpose is akin to a ship without a rudder. Want of motive makes life dreary and monotonous. Nothing satisfies. Better little talent and much purpose than much talent and little purpose. Aim for something worth while and keep your marks steadily in view. Life will mean much more to you. You will be more useful to the world, you will find more satisfaction in living.

THE SKIPPERS—A. C. CHAMPS

In the Academic League the slugging Skippers rode to victory over a rough sea of opposition and a rougher field, as any South Side enthusiast will say. A regrettable fact it is that not more games were played in this league. But as it was, the Skippers won. So that's that.

SENIOR LEAGUE IN A DEADLOCK

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Seniors	4	2	664
Fourths	4	2	664
Thirds	2	3	400
Seconds	1	4	250

As the final issue of the "Cheer" goes to press, the Seniors and the Fourths are tied for the lead in the Major circuit. By defeating the Seniors 1-0 in a thrilling game on Monday and on Tuesday handing the Thirds a 3-2 setback the Fourth outfit has knotted the standing. The South Siders nine will play the fourths Friday to decide the flag.

The Song of June in Collegeville

Indiana Moon
Radiant in June.
Very, very soon
On a bright forenoon;
Red roses in festoon,
Time so opportune
Then homeward eftsoon.
* * * *

The final issue of the year—of the glorious year of '24. After a few days we shall part, maybe never to meet again—but one consolation remains—we can look back to our college days with joy—with dreams of happy days of yore. The editor of "Cheery Chatter" wishes you all the success and happiness in whatever field of endeavor you may choose.

* * * * *
Even if this is the final issue, some "jokes" must be perpetrated or else this column would not live up to its reputation, so we will start with some of our old ones.

* * * * *
This story about the "fish" is getting tiresome—do the fish get bit by mosquitoes, or do they sweat in summer, or how often do fish really need a bath—and such jargon—better let the fish be or else maybe they will fool you and drown.

* * * * *
Ed. Kotter, premier baseball manager, has been offered a position in a jewelry shop in Cincy. We predict Ed. will be a diamond cutter.

* * * * *
The other night listening to the Oratory Contest and hearing repeatedly "Martin is coming," Joe Sirovy was perplexed when it was all over and proceeded to seek Red Kenney and ask the explanation because of his failure to appear.

The College Cheer

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Address: Editor, The College Cheer,
Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, June 6, 1924.

EDITORIALS

ST. JOSEPH'S, FAREWELL

With the pleasant, hopeful murmurs of graduation floating about, with the "rare day" drawing ever more nigh, the hearts of our graduates waver twixt sentiments of joy and feelings of sadness. The bonds of friendship, strengthened during four and even six long years of college life, become still more firm at thought of separation.

We have lived together as brothers. Under one roof, we have applied our minds to study; together we have enjoyed free days, together dined, together attended Chapel Services. And now—part? And for what length of time?

But such are the common experiences of all. We have met but to part again; to part in person, yet forever united in spirit! May this be the disposition of us, graduates of '24! And while St. Joseph's follows with interest our battles on the stormy sea of life, memories of our days spent within her halls shall never dim. And so, ever united in common reminiscences of our Alma Mater, we shall still be one Class, the Class of '24, the Class which now bids Au Revoir to St. Joseph's. St. Joseph's—Vivat, Floreat, Crescat!

VALE!

With this the valedictory number of The Cheer we are prompted to comment briefly upon the "career" of Volume Sixteen "in the making." It was in September, '23; dreams of a twenty-issue Cheer for St. Joe's were entertained. We could not dare, however, to anticipate their realization unless the student-body convincingly manifested their good will and support. It is June; and with it our dream a realization.

And now, with our hopes fulfilled, we thank those students and Alumni who have favored us with their subscription, especially those who have contributed matter for publication. Likewise, we are truly grateful to the college authorities for the use of photograph cuts. Nor must we forget

our advertisers—genuine appreciation of their patronage urges us to include them in our vote of thanks.

Whether the Cheer of '23-'24 has attained the desire of her staff—a bigger, better Cheer for St. Joe—we leave to the judgment of our readers. Content in the knowledge, however, that our efforts have never waned in the pursuit of this wish, we bid adieu to our readers, adding the hope that success will crown the efforts of our successors, the Cheer editors of '24-'25.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE

Repeatedly our attention is drawn to the newspaper views of certain business men who charge that the colleges of today do not graduate finished business men for them. Seemingly these men are forgetful of the fact that a college or a university cannot make a great man—cannot mould embryo youth into presidential timber or make the final sheepskin the commission to assume charge of big business interests.

Unless the student is fitted by nature for the business he is being prepared to follow, he will not be a success as the world has come to define success. The fact that a young man has been under the tutelary care of earnest educators four or more years, during which time the fundamentals of the various branches of learning have been instilled into his system, will not bring the desired results unless the student has the "stuff" in him to compel success. The mastering of the prescribed courses is of the greatest benefit, but it will not prove to be an open sesame to the general manager's desk.

The student who is in earnest will turn every bit of acquired knowledge to good use after life. The student who does not look upon the serious side of his existence, but why yearns for the college experience that he may wear a Greek-letter frat pin and ruminate on the capers of himself and his jolly companions, will hardly make good in the surge of life's real battle. The most desultory inquiry will disclose the fact that college graduates may be found in practically every walk of life—driving taxis, mixing drinks for a salary, or polishing shoes for a pittance. Some are engaged as look-outs for sub-rosa games of chance, others endure the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune at the dish-washing rack in hotels and restaurants, while many vegetate from one letter of remittance to another, good enough fellows to meet, but lacking the mainspring of action.

On the other hand, it is unnecessary to point to the numberless men who have stepped from the portals of their Alma Mater magnificently equipped for the work they have chosen in their lot of life, men who have understood

what life meant and what an advantage to them was the solving of theoretical problems under the guidance of earnest, sympathizing instructors.

THE STUDENT AND THE WORLD

Commencement time, and its output of graduates with their diplomas, is still the object of much good-natured fun, but it is a most encouraging time for the world. The inclination of the graduates to take themselves and the world seriously is a hopeful sign of success. More than ever before success in life depends upon the possession of a trained mind qualified intelligently to direct effort. System is the ruling element in all lines of commercial or industrial activity, and the graduate of today is grounded in system above all things. The thinker is the dominating factor of all life, in all its ramifications.

The average of a well-rounded educational training is that its possessor may adjust the practical to the sentimental, and be better enabled to derive from life its highest and best pleasures. The world welcomes the graduate as an added asset, and will give to each an opportunity in the race for which preparation has been made.

PRAYER OF THE COLLEGE GRAD

Show me this day how in increase my vast store of polite impertinence. Help me to acquire a clever manner of speech and style of dress that will make me ostentatiously unlike all others of my kind.

Increase my superiority over my elders, especially those who have not risen above doing the commonplace and necessary things of life. Lead me to the celebrities, that I may know them and speak of them casually and thus increase my prestige among the younger set, who look to me for standards.

Give me personality, which will enable me to assert myself in all matters—to "put it over" my friends and enemies upon all occasions, especially those who know not the limitations of my college wisdom, but remain dumb before my cleverness.

And finally, help me to a big job involving work and great responsibility, which I can delegate to underlings and still draw myself the large salary attached thereto.

COLLEGE VACATION WORK

This is the season when college students are looking for profitable vacation work; and this is also the season when to college students is offered attractive work as exclusive agents for the "Liberty of Universay Information," "Brown's Complete History of the Great War," "How to be Your Own Lawyer," the "Radiant Home Gasoline

Lamp," "The Electric Saucepan," and other items of human interest and human need.

Agents are now closing contracts with college students selling them canvassing outfits, granting them exclusive territory rights, and giving them valuable instruction about how to persuade the unwilling. Many a school boy will do business on his own account for the first time this summer as an agent for subscription goods.

If no college boy went forth on this kind of quest this year the world would not suffer any appreciable loss. There is no crying demand for the things the agent brings to our door or to our desk. Our great need is not to find something we want, but to determine which of the things that we want we can do without best. The



FRANCIS L. FATE
Associate Editor

agent's business is to persuade us that we want things we had not thought of wanting. He creates nothing but a want and we already have a surplus of wants. He adds nothing to the sum total of wealth; and as for the sum total of satisfaction regret often follows in the wake of the successful solicitor.

It is unfair to the college boy to introduce him to the business world in the role of an unwelcome, unproductive being, when he might both create some desirable thing and himself be a desirable member to society. College boys need the training of the hand more than they do the training of the persuasive powers.

Any boy will make a better lawyer, or surgeon, or merchant, or engineer,



ALBIN H. RATERMANN
Editor-in-Chief

The Staff 1923-24



EDWARD A. O'CONNOR
Contributing Editor

for having had a few months of drill each college year in building or farming or teaming or some such muscular outdoor occupation. Some such work teaches self-respect and self-control as the work of a solicitor never can. At such work any honest boy can win. At the other he stands perhaps one chance in ten of winning, and his victory is seldom worth the cost.

PRIDES

The pride of the Seniors—Brother Fidelis, C.P.P.S.

Eugene Arnoldi—Vocal Saxaphone.
Arthur Froehle—Flat Feet.

Francis Fate—A Nightingale Voice.
Joseph Gunderman—His sorrel thatch.

Joseph Hagstrom—Saturday Evening Post.



JAMES H. HOBAN
Sporting Editor

Alphonse Lucke—His vari-colored letters.

Carl Miller—His razor.

Francis Marcotte—Candy Store.

Edwin Minneman—His violin.

Edward O'Connor—His poetry.

Isidore Paulus—100 per cent.

James Lauer—Arthur Powers.

Anthony Quinlisk—Chapel Pigeons.

John Roach—"None."

Albin Ratermann—Cleveland "Indians."

Robert Stock—St. Joe, Missouri.

Philip Rose—His form.

Ambrose Schilling—Omniscience.

Marcus Vogel—Good hair grease.

Carl Willacker—Carefully parted hair.

Herbert Weier—Athletics.

Last Will and Testament

WE, the fourth class of St. Joseph's College of the State of Indiana, of the County of Jasper, being of full age and sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this to be our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and annulling any and all Will or Wills by us heretofore made:

Item 1. WE, the graduating class of the high school department decree that our good will, fighting spirit and our progressiveness be left to St. Joe.

Item 2. WE bequeath to the Third class the unsolved mystery under the supervision of "Butch" Reddon.

Item 3. WE give Raymond Boehm's ability as a pianist to Joseph Gietl.

Item 4. WE will James Calpin's excessive weight to "Spuds" Murphy.

Item 5. WE bequeath Raymond Dirrig's "spoon" to Gil Reyman.

Item 6. WE leave Eugene Clemens' false teeth to Clete Hipskind.

Item 7. WE will Joseph Braun's beautiful brown eyes and black hair to Louis Eilerman.

Item 8. WE willingly give John Donnelan's ability as a class reporter to John Beckman.

Item 9. WE bequeath George Rick's ability to make "95 per cent" averages to Cornelius Dobmeyer.

Item 10. WE give James Trahey's "manly air" and sunny disposition to Paul Galligher.

Item 11. WE will John Medland's ability as a violinist to John Manz.

Item 12. WE leave Theodore Leibert's "Pep" to Dan Costello.

Item 13. WE will Lawrence Rall's book on "How to become an expert photographer" to Vince Yusas.

Item 14. WE give Richard Meier's position on the "Hayshakers" to Ed. O'Brien.

Item 15. WE will James Smoyer's small stature and radio brains to "Spike" Ziemer.

Item 16. WE bequeath Cornelius McCabe's winning smile and "Sheik" ways to Harry Estadt.

Item 17. WE leave Thomas Neff's position as varsity pitcher to Frank Achberger.

Item 18. WE bequeath Maurice Sonderman's talent and

skill as an artist to Charles Gleason.

Item 19. WE will Francis Buckley's rosy cheeks and studious tendencies to George Smith.

Item 20. WE bequeath James Hipskind's job as backguard on the basketball varsity to Anthony Schilling.

Item 21. WE will Paul Fulton's good nature and silent ways to Daniel Boone.

Item 22. WE kindly give Robert Metz's book, "The Art of Bumming" to Norm Liebert.

Item 23. WE leave Raymond Yeager's position as end on the varsity football team to Francis Weier.

Item 24. WE bequeath Richard Moody's old pie cases to the Fifth class of '25.

Item 25. WE bequeath Emmet Jeffers' deep bass voice to Leo Higi.

Item 26. WE will Walter Lyon's ability as an elocutionist and also as a poet to Joseph Steckler.

Item 27. WE will Homer Nourie's ability to read Shakespeare's "Macbeth" to Anthony Basso.

Item 28. WE leave Edwin Medland's "Perfect physique" and his excessive love of Mah Jongg to Frank Denka.

Item 29. WE bequeath Edgar Stephan's knowledge of Physics to Herman Klocker.

Item 30. WE will John Klen's gift as a "Woman Killer" to Adolph Petit.

Item 31. WE give August Hoefer's "pull" with the Coach to John Byrne.

Item 32. WE leave Lawrence McGuire's love of being in a crowd and his good nature to Malcolm Deshone.

Item 33. WE bequeath John Hipskind's "manly beard" to Dave Farragher.

Item 34. WE will George Birnbaumer's rough "Masculine features" to Ed Williams.

Item 35. WE bequeath Angel Cano's Spanish talents to Robert Partee.

* * * * *

WE nominate and appoint the Faculty as Executors of this, our last WILL and TESTIMONY.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, WE have hereunto set our hands to this, our last WILL and TESTAMENT at Collegeville, Indiana, this, the SIXTH day of JUNE, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-four.

(Signed) Senior Members of the Prep. Department,
By FRANCIS BUCKLEY,
RICHARD MEIER.

All sections of the U. S. helped to form our team. Ohio leads with five regulars, Indiana follows with two regulars and three subs; Wisconsin and Missouri divide the catching honors, and Michigan claims our first-sacker. "Red" Gunderman hails from Brooklyn, New York; while Sunny Kentucky has sent up Danny Boone, utility pitcher. But on the ball-field—we're all from St. Joe.

Bob Stock shared the catching honors with Rose. Working beautifully with South-Paw Ratermann against Loyola's highly touted slingers, he also knocked off two runners at the plate in hair-raising and dust-raising plays when a run meant the old ball-game. His timely hits, too, causes Missouri to be justly proud of this son Bob.

With exceptional talent in studying batters, our plucky catcher Phil Rose has proved of great help to his hurlers. Somehow, he finds the weak spots of the batters, and when the old pill is directed towards that spot—well, the ball usually GETS there too!

WITH THE ST. JOE HURLERS												
W.	L.	I.P.	A.B.	H.	R.	E.R.	. . .	B.B.	S.O.	1.B.	W.P.	E.R.
Neff, T.	2	1	21	79	11	11	7	2	14	34	1	0 3
Ratermann... .	3	2	46	188	43	29	11	3	11	35	4	1 2.15
Boone	1	0	15	58	8	6	1	0	1	12	0	0 0.59
		6	3	82	325	62	46	19	5	26	81	5 1 2.08

Note—W., Won; L., Lost; I. P., Innings Pitched; A. B., At Bat; E. R., Earned Runs; B. B., Base on Balls; S. O., Struck Out; H. B., Hit Batsman; W. P., Wild Pitch; E. R. Ave., Earned Run average per game made off pitcher.

THE PURPLE AND RED DEFENSE

	P. O.	A.	E.	Pct.
Ratermann, P.	5	14	0	1000
Weier, 1B.	41	1	1	977
Rose, C.	50	8	3	950
Klen, L. F., 1B.	18	1	1	950
Stock, C.	32	3	2	945
Sonderman, 1B.	12	1	1	929
Hoffman, 2B.	21	16	3	925
Boone, P.	2	10	1	923
Lauer, C. F.	9	2	1	917
Neff, T. P., 1B., S. S.	14	10	3	889
McGuire, C. F., L. F.	11	1	1	847
Roach, R. F.	8	1	1	800
Gunderman, 3B.	5	9	4	778
O'Connor, S. S.	12	11	10	697
Neff, F., 3B.	0	0	1	000
Team Fielding	240	88	33	909
Opponents	231	99	48	865
Double Plays—Rose-Hoffman; Ratermann-Neff; Ratermann-Rose-Hoffman.				
Opponents—Four double plays.				



First Row (left to right)—Eugene Clemens, James Smoyer, Joseph Braun, Richard Moody, James Calpin, Robert Metz, Homer Nourie, Angel Cano, George Phillip. Second Row (left to right)—Maurice Sonderman, Francis Buckley, Richard Meier, John Hipskind, Edwin Medland, Paul Fulton, Carl Oatman, James Hipskind, John McDonough. Third Row (left to right)—Cornelius McCabe, Raymond Yeager, Walter Lyons, Thomas Neff, John Medland, George Birnbaumer. Fourth Row (left to right)—Laurence Rall, August Hoefer, Raymond Boehm, James Trahey, John Donnellan, Edgar Stephan, George Rick, Laurence McGuire, John Klen.

Class Prophecy of Fourths

Hello! "Sheiks"! What do you say to a little trans-continental journey in order to rest up from the strains of your business? Time sure flies. Here it is 15 years since I graduated from St. Joe. At present I am traveling mainly for my health and prohibition, I have just returned from my trip abroad.

Yesterday up at the Waldorf, in the men's Grill, I ran into our old class-mate, George Rick. At present he is handling most of the big deals for J. P. Morgan. I tried to persuade Rick to accompany me on this trip, but he told me that J. P. was swinging some big deals and he couldn't get along without our little Rick. Well, good-bye George, and good luck.

Next stop is Atlantic City. Arriving here, I registered at the most exclusive hotel. Nothing too good for a member of the class of '24, eh? Time hanging heavy on my hands, I decided to visit the new million-dollar dance pavilion recently opened at Atlantic City. I had heard of the wonderful music rendered, and I decided to hear it at all costs.

As I entered the pavilion I was thunder-struck for there was "Jazz" Boehm, calmly bowing to the applause of thousands of his admirers. Collecting my wits I rushed up and grabbed "Jazz" by the hand and congratulated him on his success. He smilingly accepted the proffered congratulation and told me that I had yet to hear the star of the evening. I left "Jazz" to his directing and slowly wandered around the hall.

Suddenly the wail of a saxophone smote my ears. Turning around I saw "Sheik" Meier, and only courtesy prevented me from throwing my arms about his neck. I asked my neighbor what the name of the piece was that "Speed" was playing. At first I received a scornful look and then was enlightened to the fact that "Speed" was playing "Violet," the hit of the season. As the last note died away in a thunder of applause, I saw "Speed" grinning at me and at once we renewed our acquaintance. In the course of the conversation I found that "Violet" was now Mrs. Meier. We spent the evening holding a chat about our old class-mates and I learned that "Denny" Trahey had left the stage after years of success as a comedian and was now owner and director of some of our finest Musical Comedies. Yep! a second "Flo" Ziegfeld.

I left on a night train for Youngstown. During the night a private car was attached to our train. In the morning I found out that the President was making a special tour of his roads. The porter enlightened me further on the subject by telling me that the President was Mr. Raymond Yeager of Cumberland, Maryland. Could it be possible? Was this our old class Secretary? I rushed back and found that it was none other than Ray himself.

Did we gab? He told me he was not only successful in business but in love as he had married the sister of the girl who had caused the Trojan war. At Youngstown, Ray said that he was to pick up Buckley, now General Manager of the Trumbull Steel Works.

"Buck" jeered us at Youngstown. He is just as plump

(Continued on page 12.)

**ALBIN RATERMANN
WINS ORATORY CONTEST**

Thursday evening nine members of the Graduating Class competed for the much coveted Conroy Oratory Medal. This is the largest number to enter the contest for many years. Albin Ratermann of Fort Loramie, Ohio, the Editor-in-Chief of the Cheer, was awarded first place. His oration "American Isolation" was a splendid work and his delivery was of the best. Francis Fate, Associate Editor of the Cheer, won second place. Gordon Hagstrom came third with his oration, "The Neptune of Muscle Shoals," being a very exhaustive treatise on the much-discussed Ford-Muscle Shoals proposition.

The following is the standing of the contestants and their subjects:

Albin Ratermann—"American Isolation."

Francis Fate—"The Shame of American Embassies."

Gordon Hagstrom—"The Neptune of Muscle Shoals."

Eugene Arnoldi—"Altruism, Our Ideal."

Edward O'Connor—"Justice Demands Religious Freedom."

Ambrose Schilling—"Parasitic Journalism."

Arthur Froehle—"Modern Paganism."

Marcus Vogel—"The Champion of Labor."

Carl Willacker—"The Need of a State Constabulary."

The Reverend D. L. Monahan, who presided at the contest, aptly prefaced each oration with very timely remarks.

Rev. William Sullivan, Rev. Aloysius Coppenolle and Mr. Henry Hipskind were the judges.

After the contest the sixth class, their professors and the judges enjoyed a lunch in the Raleigh Club Room.

The winning oration of Mr. Ratermann will be found elsewhere in this issue.

**VARSITY DROPS LOOSELY
PLAYED GAME TO CENTRAL
NORMAL 8-5 AT DANVILLE**

With Taylor pitching air-tight baseball and his mates supporting him consistently the Central Normal nine evened matters with the Collegeville aggregation, Wednesday afternoon, May 28, at the Danville stamping grounds, by winning 8-5. The Saints were simply off color and although Ratermann pitched a nice brand of ball his efforts went for naught. Eleven hits were rung up for the Teachers while the Collegians collected eight bingles.

Three hits and an error netted the Danville team three runs in the third inning. In the fourth one more tally was added on a single and a double. A brace of markers in both the fifth and



LEO SCHRAMER



ARTHUR MOSSONG

THE COLLEGE PHOTO COMPANY

Arthur G. Mossong, the Manager of the College Photo Co., came to St. Joe, January 5, 1921. He entered the company September, 1921, in collaboration with Vincent A. Yusas, who has recently retired from the business.

Leo A. Schramer entered the College in September, 1922, and became affiliated with the Photo Company at that time.

Messers Mossong and Schramer wish to thank their patrons for the business which they gave them and wish them the joys of vacation.

the sixth completed the Normalites efforts.

The Saints scored two tallies in the sixth on a walk, an error and Hoffman's subsequent double. In each of the following rounds they scored a run but it was not enough to overcome the lead and we were forced to accept the inevitable.

St. Joseph's

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Roach, rf.	5	1	1	3	0	0
O'Connor, ss.	4	1	1	1	1	3
Lauer, lf.	3	1	0	4	1	0
Hoffman, 2b.	4	1	2	1	1	0
Neff, T., 1b.	4	0	1	8	0	0
Gunderman, 3b.	4	0	1	0	3	1
Rose, c.	3	1	1	4	0	0
McGuire, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Ratermann, p.	3	0	1	2	2	0
Stock*	1	0	0	0	0	0
Klen*	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	5	8	24	8	4

*Stock batted for Rose in eighth. Klen batted for McGuire in ninth.

Central Normal

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Byers, c.	5	1	1	15	1	1
Hock, lf.	5	1	0	1	0	0
Miller, 2b.	4	1	1	3	1	1
Sprinkle, cf.	5	3	3	2	1	1
Campbell, 1b.	4	1	2	3	0	1
Huey, 3b.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Neal, ss.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Taylor, p.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Jerell, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Blue*	1	0	1	0	0	0
Stanbury*	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	39	8	11	27	6	4

*Blue batted for Jerell in seventh. Stan-

bury batted for Miller in eighth.
St. Joe 0 0 0 0 0 2 1 1 — 5
Central Normal 0 3 1 0 2 2 0 x — 8

Two Base Hits—Hoffman, Byers, Blue, Stolen Base—Roach, O'Connor, Hoffman, Miller, Sprinkle, Taylor. Sacrifice Hits—Lauer. Double Plays—Ratermann to Neff. Bases on Balls—Off Ratermann, 1; off Taylor, 2. Struck Out—By Ratermann, 2; by Taylor, 15. Earned Runs—St. Joe, 1; Danville, 2. Umpire—Masters (Indiana University.)

WHIZBANGS WIN JUNIOR LEAGUE FLAG

The Standing

	Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Whizbangs	7	3	700
Bearcats	6	4	600
Nine of Diamonds	6	4	600
Maroons	4	6	400
T. N. T.'s	4	6	400
Questions	4	7	300

True to their cognomen, the Whizbangs, whizzed around the Junior Circuit and took the flag with a bang. Seven victories and three deefats is their record. Close on the heels of the leaders are the Bearcats and the Nine of Diamonds, but as the old saying goes: "Base ball ain't horseshoe and the close ones don't count." The race, however, has been a hot one and the playing has been of a very high calibre.

Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class

We, the Senior Class of St. Joseph's College in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-four, and for the last six years attendants of the same, upon now finishing with glory our careers at this worthy institution, do hereby make, ordain and declare this instrument, which is written with the hand of a duly appointed and selected representative, to be our last will and testament, revoking all other documents, *imprimis*:

To the fifth class, we give and bequeath all back and corner seats in the study hall, without limitations or restrictions as to the reception of eloquent reprimands received according to the desires of the prefect therein.

To Alois Sobczak is willed and bequeathed by Eugene Arnoldi, the title of "Wampus," also the latter's maidenly modesty and manly stature is to become the property of the legatee.

Arthur Froehle withdraws all rights in favor of one Joseph Gooley, to his tennis abilities, to his flat feet and his limitless knowledge in the science of Logic.

Francis Fate bequeaths to Urban Wimmers his height and his weight to have and to hold, also the former's nightingale voice is transferred to Mr. Wimmers, all rights reserved.

Joseph Gunderman has most generously bequeathed to Vincent Yusas the scarlet chlorophyl which is so abundant in the latter's sorrel thatch.

Louis Brenner has received from Alphonse Lucke, of football memory, all letters enveloped in a soft, flesh pink to receive and to answer twice every week as heretofore practiced.

Carl Miller has willed to Thomas Ronayne his scientific method of playing Sheephead, his unexcelled skill of "cutless" shaving, also his masterful, eloquent style of debating.

"Bill" Minueman has bequeathed to Sylvester Schmeltzer his home-made candy "par-excellens," his nymph-like form, and calmness.

To one Sylvester Ziemer, Francis Marcotte has willed his prowess on the diamond and very inimitable ingenue mannerisms.

Edward Aloysius Patrick Joseph O'Connor has willed and bequeathed to Adolph Petit, his athletic skill, his poetic talents, his humorous veins, and unexcelled dining room etiquette.

To one Ralph Mueller, who will appreciate it handsomely, Isidore Paulus has willed and bequeathed his emphatic gestures, sustained for the entire period of argument, his baseball knowledge, his occupation as official scorer, and honorary position as the Coach's right-hand man.

Anthony Quinlisk has uttered his last wish that James Hoban be the recipient of all pigeons in the Chapel towers, to have, to hold, to fall, according to the omens exhibited by the flight of the birds.

A'bin Ratermann has willed and bequeathed his classical talents to Robert Gorman, also his thriftiness of spirit, and uncanny ability to maintain an argument.

John Roach has given through this will to John Sabo, his 100 per cents in all classes, his patience and his modesty in athletic feats.

To Vincent Jordan, having very nearly all other requisites, Philip Rose willed and bequeathed his ability as an actor, his rotund form and his curly locks.

Marcus Vogel has in this legacy bequeathed to Joseph Bechtold all tubes, jars of hair grease, or cans of Pompeian Olive Oil that he has used in these last nine months, not to be less than fifty-two.

Robert Stock has willed and bequeathed to Arthur Mossong, his mastery of the Greek language. To the latter will also go Senior Stock's dancing ability, both on and off the stage.

Gordon Hagstrom doth hereby decree that all Saturday Evening Posts, newspapers "et alia" become the sole property of John Byrne. A'so, "Harr" has bequeathed his manner of concentrated study together with his exemplary study hall discipline, to be the prefect's ideal student, to the afore-mentioned legatee.

Herbert Weier has most generously bequeathed to Alphonse Hoffman, his aggressive disposition, his ability to snag passes and habit of tearing off long runs around the end of the enemy's line on the grid-iron.

To Charles Ruess has been willed and bequeathed Carl Willacker's carefully parted hair, and his famous religious and authoritative roles on the stage.

To Edward Kotter does James Lauer bequeath his "private room" in the infirmary, his baseball ability, his speed on the basketball floor, and Arthur Powers.

Ambrose Schilling has willed to Russel Scheidler his position in the College Choir, his knowledge unlimited and his ability on the tennis courts.

To the Faculty of St. Joseph College, we will and bequeath the memory of the snappiest crew of Seniors that ever graduated, and hope that they fully realize the honor thus conveyed upon them.

Wherefore, do we constitute Brother Fidelis, C.P.P.S., as executor of this, our last will and testament, and as guardian of all properties not mentioned in the above bequests. He will be responsible for the reading of the will before the disappointed relatives, and shall set his seal heron in evidence of good faith.

Signed this FOURTH day of JUNE, in the year of our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four, and witnessed by everyone present.

THE SENIOR CLASS OF '24.

CHICAGO NORMAL FALLS BEFORE RED AND PURPLE IN FINAL GAME, 9-5

With the old machine again hitting on all nine, the Collegians handed the Normalities a 9-5 setback at the Windy City orchard last Saturday. For the locals this was the last game of the season and the final appearance in the black and white bloomers for eight of the Collegians, Hoffman being the lone survivor left over for next year.

Ratermann was on the hill and he was right. He worked first rate with his old-time battery pal, Phil Rose, and this combination, in their final game for St. Joe, struck out eleven and passed only one. As a consequence the Chicago boys made only seven safeties. Delveaux and Peacock hurled for the opposition, but costly wobbles by their mates off-set their good work.

On his first trip to the plate Neff sent the pellet into the dim blue distance for the circuit. At the end of the third frame however, the score was knotted at three all. The Saints virtually put the game on ice in the fifth inning with five juicy tallies. In this fat found Roach, first up, walked, stole second and scored on McGuire's line single through short. Mac stole second and scored on a wild pitch. Lauer strolled, stole second and crossed the pan when Daly messed up Hoffman's grounder at short. The latter scored on Butler's error, but Neff was caught trying to pi'er second. Gunderman brought the last score over with the help of an error. No more runs were made by either team. And as the movie saying has it: "All's well that ends well."

St. Joseph's

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Roach, rf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
McGuire, lf.	5	3	2	1	0	0
... cf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Heffman, 2b.	5	1	"			
Neff, T., ss.	3	1	1	4	1	2
Gunderman, 3b.	5	2	0	2	1	0
... c.	5	0	0	12	1	0
Weier, 1b.	4	0	0	5	1	0
Ratermann, p.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	39	9	7	27	6	3

Chicago Normal

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Daly, ss.	3	1	0	1	0	2
Jordan, cf.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Cook, 1b.	5	2	"	6	0	1
Peacock, 3b., p.	4	1	1	0	3	1
Butler, 2b.	4	1	2	2	2	0
Kreiwitz, rf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
... c. r.	1	0	0	1	0	0
G. Idberg, e.	4	0	0	15	0	0
Delveaux, e.	2	0	0	2	1	1
Merreck, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	37	5	7	27	6	3

St. Joe.....0 2 1 0 5 0 0 1 0-9
Chicago Normal.....1 0 3 0 1 0 0 0-5
Two Base Hits—Hoffman, Cook, Home
Run—T. Neff. Stolen Bases—Roach 2, McGuire 4, Lauer 3, Hoffman 2, Neff 3, Gunderman 3. Weier, Butler 3, Kreiwitz. Double Plays—Ratermann to Rose to Hoffman. Bases on Balls—O. Ratermann 1; off Delveaux 3. Struck Out—By Ratermann 11, by Delveaux 6; Peacock 8. Hits of Ratermann 7; off of Delveaux 6; off of Peacock 1. Earned Runs—St. Joe 4; Chicago Normal 4. Balk—Ratermann, Delveaux. Umpire—Wainwright (Calumet High, Illinois.)

Class Prophecy of Fourths

(Continued from page 9.)

as ever. On the way to Cleveland "Buck" told me that Neff had won the world series for Cleveland and was the idol of thousands of fans. At Cleveland I left Buck and Ray to haggle over the price of rails.

At the station a sonorous voice yelled, "Hey there" and turning I saw old Jim Calpin, now Athletic director of Carroll U. We spent a few minutes chatting and then Jim left on a train for South Bend where his team was to play Notre Dame's. Good luck, Jim.

I took a through train to Dayton. I had intended to stop off at Columbus and see Ray Dirrig but I failed to make proper connections. It is enough to say that he is a prominent dentist at Columbus, Ohio.

At Dayton I registered at the Philips House. Coming out of the hotel and walking down Main Street, I saw a prosperous looking man approaching, I thought his figure familiar. I was not sure until the man stopped me and said, "Gimme a light" and instantly I recognized Bob Metz. Bob said that he was doing good in Real Estate, owning a whole block of nineteen story buildings. He also imparted a little information to the effect that Stephan and Birnbaumer were both attending a medical convention in Dayton, as they were two of our most prominent surgeons. The next thing in the wake of the news that Bob told me was that Donnelan was chief aeronautic engineer at McCook Field.

We went out to the aerodome to see Donnelan and when he heard that I was going to Wabash, he said that he would give me a lift. I said good-bye to Bob and climbed aboard a little two-seater Curtiss Pursuit plane.

A lift it was, as we left the ground around 70 miles an hour and by the time I got my bearings, John was already volplaning over the outskirts of Wabash. I thanked Donnelan and he waved good-bye as he circled up before straightening out on his return journey.

In Wabash I learned that Jim Hipskind was the leading contractor in Southern Indiana. Also that he was now the proud possessor of a large family. That a boy, Hippy!

On the train to Chicago I picked up the Tribune and the cartoon on the front page attracted my attention, the signature also held my attention, for it was signed "Sonny." Could this be Sonderman? When I arrived in Chicago I immediately went up to the Tribune building, and there I found "Sonny," the head of the Cartoon department. At a newspaper office one can find out almost anything. These are a few of the things which I found:

Dick Moody was at present over in Europe supervising the construction of several new hotels, which were being built along the lines of the Edgewater Beach hotel which Moody now owns.

Johnny Klen has filled Mostil's shoes on the White Sox. During the winter he plays basketball with the New York "Celts." Yeh! Whiting Flash.

"Gipp" Fulton is now running on a Democratic ticket for a Senator's job. Gipp's platform is supported by all the land owners in Illinois, and he is sure of the election.

"Sonny" also told me that Mister Jeffers, the smashing tackle of '24, was at present promoting fights in the big arena at Michigan City. He said that Jeff pulled a big one the other day between Joe McTigue, the champion, and Juan Cano, challenger. Remember Cano? Well, this is the very same Angel.

After gaining all this information I left "Sonny" as he seemed to be very busy. I caught an early train for Kankakee. As I had some business to perform I went up to the court house. Passing the court-room I glanced in and there on the Bench sat none other than Homer Nourie. It has been rumored in political circles that "Frenchie" is to be a candidate for governor of Illinois.

As the case was dismissed I ran up and shook hands with a real live judge without getting the customary 30 days and costs. After spending a few delightful hours in the company of the law I left to catch a train for St. Louis.

One of the most pleasant railway journeys I have had in a long time was the one from Kankakee to St. Louis. You see I had John Hipskind, the old time beardless wonder, with me all the way. Johnny is head salesman for the

Vanadium Steel Corporation of New York and is about to step into the shoes of the Vice President. About the only change in our friend is that his face is hairless and he has that "school girl complexion."

I've always wanted to see St. Louis U. and as I heard that Gus Hoefer is a professor in the Aggie college, there were two very important reasons for my trip out to the hills of Missouri. Gus is the same as ever, and how he ever keeps order in a class-room, I can't understand; but the students like him and as one of them remarked, "He knows his 'stuff'." Keep it up, Gus!

Have you read in the papers lately about that stupendous new dam being constructed at Keokuk, Iowa? From all reports it must be some dam (fine place), and we know the contractor, since old Ed Medland is the man behind the work! Yep! he was in my class back at St. Joe! Ahem!

Whoa Denver!

I was talking to a business man here in Denver and he says there are more buildings here, built by Lyon and Liebert than there are pennies in the town, in fact this company has sort of a monopoly on all construction work in Denver. Of course you recognize the workings of old Red and Ted in here, don't you? Well, "it's those," as we used to say at St. Joe, yep "it's those" and we ought to feel mighty spry about the achievements of our fellow graduates.

If you have never had the opportunity of seeing gold mined you don't know what you're missing because one of the most interesting days on my trip was spent with Mac McGuire watching his miners dig gold down in Utah. You see, Mac is superintendent of the big Kaskaskia mine. Just get in touch with him and I promise you a good time.

Well, here we are in the town where it never rains and is always hot, Phoenix, Arizona. I received an invitation from Gene Clemens some time ago to come and visit him at Phoenix and that is the reason why I am here. You should see our little Gene, my! is he proud of the degree he has attached to his name! It sure must be wonderful to be a Cheramic Engineer! But Gene is making good, so there must be something in IT after all. (By the "it" we mean, the Cheramic Engineer business, not Mr. Clemens.)

All out—Hollywood! Some place and as to description, well, words fail me as the deaf and dumb say. Again—Some Place! I walked down Movie Ave. here with Mac McCabe the other day and WE had a string of girls two blocks long following US. You know Conny McCabe is the new Valentino of the stage and in other words the reel lady's man. They say that Rudolph took poison when he saw Mac coming into Hollywood.

"Mac" was telling me about Larry Rall, the man who makes the world laugh. It seems as though Rall just finished another production, which is so funny that the Undertakers' Association condemned it since it put their business on the bang. They say that Larry would make the Chaplin of the old days look like a victim of the gout.

Hello Frisco! They sure named this place right when they called it the city of eternal summer, although it's now January and it may sound queer, still I just came from seeing a baseball game. Yep! the Seals beat the Oaks 4-0 and cinched the Winter League Pennant for S. F. and the chesty manager of the Oaks happens to be an old friend of ours! Chesty? Sure you know him—old Joe Braun. Since he took up the pilotship of the Seals they have taken eight pennants, so that says a mouthful for our Joey!

Joe took me out to his home and we spent a very pleasant evening listening to the Radio. "Chesty" said that his favorite station was WPM from Seattle, Washington, and the announcer, owner and operator is none other than our own Wally Smoyer. We all expected Wally to rise in the world but didn't think he would be at the top of the U. S. (You see his station is on the highest peak in this country) —Some Wally!

It seemed good to hear Wally's voice again and especially so when he said that John Medland, the celebrated Indiana artist would render several selections for us that evening. Among them being that "Serenade" which we knew so well back in '24. John has studied abroad and is now one of the most sought-for musicians in this country.

Keep it up, John!

And now fellow shieks, we have seen them all and I

(Continued on page 13.)

The Class of '24---in 1952

Twenty-eight Junes had already seen graduates "splash out" on the rugged sea of life since we of '24 had been ushered from the "sacred portals" of St. Joe's. Quite merry, therefore, was our reunion at the palatial residence of Cleveland's newly consecrated Bishop. The Invitations for this affair bore special interest for us, not only because they heralded our first reunion, but because the Chancellor's signature was none other than that of Rev. I. J. Paulus, our own former "Izzy."

"And now you see, your Grace," ventured Father Weier, who had lately arrived from his thriving parish in Michigan, "that we weren't kidding you at St. Joe regarding your future." And Bishop John Roach blushed deep scarlet. Yes, Bishop John Roach; ever buried in books at St. Joe, this class-mate of ours advanced in gigantic strides to the Bishopric.

The esteemed pastor of Glandorf, Father Francis Fate, recently returned from Rome, came to his Grace's rescue at this moment. Laughing heartily he exclaimed: "Would you believe it? Just look at that rotund form of the monk of our class-play!" And there, seated in a bulky arm-chair which he filled quite well, sat Monseigneur Willacker, complacently chiming in on the conversation. He is now pastor of St. Mary's, Toledo. "If only I could share his surplus," lamented the present priest of Crestline, Father Vogel, to whom the problem of filling a vest is still unsolved.

A messenger boy interrupted the pleasant discourse with a message for the Bishop. With an unusual degree of interest we listened to his Grace as he read: "Hong-kong, China, June 18, 1952.—Dear Class-mates: It is a keen disappointment to know that my duties in these foreign missions forbid attendance at our Class reunion. However, permit this message to flash greetings sincere to my old class-mates of '24. Invariably, 'Brush.' Rev. H. A. Froehle."

The singular joys of our chat vanished before the fond reminiscences of college days awakened when we were admitted to the banquet hall. Not that such luscious scenes were included in the curriculum of St. Joe's,—hardly. But that magic word "Eats" diverted all thoughts and riveted all eyes upon our own little Irishman, Rev. Anthony Quinlisk, now ruling a quaint little parish "Somewhere in Indiana." "Mmmmm! This reminds me of St.

Joe viands," roguishly mused the pastor of Winamac, Father Minneman, as he heartily attacked an appetizing portion of roast. "Ha, ha. Well, well, I'll be—You've got to show me, though!" The latter from Father Stock, Missouri's representative of the Class, who now loves to refer to Ohio as his home.

All were busy injecting spicy bits of reminiscences twixt equally welcome bits of tempting viands. The last course had already been served when another of our lads of '24, now also sporting a cassock and "turned-around" collar, whom we know as Father A. Shilling, noted a serious omission in the courses. "Well, I declare," he exclaimed, "how could this possibly be termed a banquet for St. Joe boys—and fried SPUDS among the missing?" "Oh, that's more easily explained than our absence from the dorm and presence at the radio that fatal night in '24," offered Father Hagstrom, who is now spending his leisure moments in a dashing new Packard, the gift of his Kenmore parishioners. "Don't you notice that our champion spud-eater, 'Butch' Miller, is absent?" And then we became aware that our champion, now guiding the parishioners at Xenia, was absent, due to attendance at special services at Columbus Grove, the home of another of our missing classmates, Father Lucke.

The last course served, toasts became proper. It was then that Hamilton came into the limelight, through the splendid toast of one of her clergy, Father O'Connor. The poet-laureate of the Class, he completed the toast with an exceptionally fine bit of verse. And in order to keep abreast of the many events and changes at our Alma Mater, all applaudingly sponsored Rev. O'Connor's request that Father Arnoldi relate the activities at St. Joe's during his professorship there. No sooner had this professor of Chemistry and Economics finished his narration of the demise of Billy the faithful mail-horse, and the collapse of the Brother house, than the Versailles Pastor, Father Ratermann, solicited the closing toast from a smiling rotund class-mate and former battery-pal seated near-by. Attention at once centered upon this toast-master, Father Rose, who had "Marmoned" from his distant Wisconsin flock to attend the reunion. Waxing eloquent, as they term it, our speaker brought to a grand close the gay reunion of our Class with the final toast:

"And here's to the Class of '24,
To St. Joe's illustrious Class of yore;
We thrived on her shavings, buns, and tea,
So here's to your future, S. J. C.!"



This column here and now, must in this, the last issue publish an honor roll. This roll will consist of those who helped to make this column a howling success (by howling after the jokes were published). To John Roach, John Byrne, Walter Lyon, Daniel Castillo, Joseph Steckler, James Lauer, Thomas Ronayne, Malcolm DeShone

and many, many others, we extend our sincere thanks, and believe that throughout the year they have learned the true appreciation of a joke—especially those mentioned.

* * * *

Abe Zeller, '26, gave us a poem to publish and after reading it, we were dumfounded. The topic was "Adam

and Eve," and if our first parents were as Abe describes them in flaming couplets—no wonder the human race is eccentric. But 'sallrite Abe—fine work, try again next year.

* * * *

Teacher: Now, Adolph, what month has twenty-eight days?

Adolph: All of them.—Selected.

THE WINNING ORATION—"AMERICAN ISOLATION"

(By ALBIN H. RATERMANN)

Ten years, paralleled with the centuries of the world's existence, seems a very brief span. And, indeed, so it is. During the past ten years however, the world has suffered the greatest cataclysm in history, she has crumbled beneath the playful hand of Fate. In the past decade the belligerent nationalism of European civilization has been leading the world deeper and deeper into a sea of troubles, where the great ships of state now manoeuvre precariously, amid cross-currents, hidden shoals, sudden tempests, and impenetrable fogs. Grazed by jealousy, hatred, and revenge, the peoples of Europe have whetted their insatiable lust for power and reddened the reeking swords of war with the life-blood of mankind. And as the hunter traces the wild beast by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow these Europeans, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past decade, which they have reddened with their gore.

To extricate Europe from conditions so ghastly will prove no easy task. And now, swept by the broom of destruction, Europe turns pitiful, pleading eyes towards America. Europe wants Uncle Sam to stretch forth a hand across the ocean but not an empty hand. She wants money, money, and more money! And sorrowfully learning that the extravagant Uncle Sam of 1916-17 has meanwhile gained great but costly experience, that this same lavish Uncle now slams shut in her face the doors of his treasury, Europe has the impudent boldness, the unspeakable brazeness, to call us, Americans, who saved their honor, their nations, their very existence from certain ruin, who turned defeat into victory for them at the price of 100,000 of our gallant youth, the flower of our nation, at the cost of forty-five hundred millions of dollars from which we reap naught but vain regret, this same Europe which we saved, has the unheard of brazen-faced audacity, I say, to call us ISOLATIONISTS! Isolationists indeed! Would to God we HAD been isolated from the seething brawl of European turmoil, isolated from the hellish theater of war! Europe calls us the Pontius Pilate among the nations, washing our hands of Europe's blood, and looking without concern upon the crucifixion of civilization! Would to God, I repeat, we HAD been isolated from that terrible crucifixion of civilization of the war-torn fields of France, that we had not then yielded to hatred and thus muffled one of the indispensable chords in the harmony of our national traditions! For this hatred, this state of mind of our European associates, soon deprived us of intellectual and moral disinterestedness, and as a result we are paralyzed for constructive participation in European policies.

But are we really Isolated? Decidedly no! First, we are not isolated financially. Of this we are reminded every time we pay our taxes. Are we isolated commercially? Emphatically no! Witness the tremendous volume of our imports in spite of the tariff! And American goods go to every corner of the world! Neither are we isolated socially. International marriages are so many and so constantly increasing that the whole world comments upon them. And has Europe so soon forgotten our numberless relief agencies which are feeding and clothing her starving millions? Does this seem like isolation? When we voted millions of dollars to Russian famine sufferers, when in two weeks we oversubscribed a ten million dollar collection for Japanese earthquake victims, when our Senate voted ten million dollars to German relief, did anyone dare to call us ISOLATIONISTS? Never! Then indeed would that monster Ingratitude bulge forth into the hideous contour of that horrible monster Defiance!

We are not isolated financially, therefore, nor commercially, nor socially. But we are isolated in one regard, and that is solely in the political sense, in the sense that we are not involved in the plots, intrigues, ambitions and hatreds of European countries. And is not this exactly the isolation we want and must have both for our own good and for the good of the entire world? We must be isolated politically, for in trusting the arts of diplomacy we would be trusting a broken reed. The broken reeds of diplomacy tie the very knots which the sword had subsequently to cut.

The racial structure of our population, moreover, makes it impossible,—at least disastrous—to have any political connections whatsoever with old and alien peoples. We

Americans are not yet racially homogeneous; we are of different nationalities. Whether this be desirable or no, our duty is to weld these diverse racial groups into one ethnological unit. So long as we attend exclusively to American affairs we will progress in this duty, for most of our foreigners WANT to become good Americans. By inviting international quarrels, however, in which our foreigners feel justified in siding with the land of their origin, we will make impossible—or at least greatly retard, that national unity and ultimate racial oneness so indispensable to our happiness and prosperity as a people.

We are called isolationists because we refuse to join the League of Nations or the World Court. This question is such a glaring, shameful outrage against the very fundamentals of our country that no thoughtful American can even consider it, much less advocate it. Why should we turn our back upon our own child to fondle the rag dolls of foreign diplomacy? The League, and the Court too, is an international nurse-maid, keeping the children playing in the sand-box, watching lest Johnny hit Mademoiselle over the head with a shovel, or lest perhaps Fritzie throw sand at either. Outlawing war the nurse-maid is! Bad little European children!

But this does not mean that we prefer isolation. Being Americans we understand that there can be popular government without self-restraint, that where order is destroyed there liberty perishes also. We understand that the countries are not simply political units, but great laboratories of human experimentation in the efforts to meet needs which are common to all communities. It is in international meetings that may be found clearing houses of expert knowledge. Indeed, The Hague Conference has always received recognition and aid from these United States.

What then is our attitude, what our slogan regarding international affairs?

America first! This duty we owe to ourselves, to posterity, yes to our ancestors! Quoting President Coolidge: "It is our duty to attend to our own affairs while we recognize thoroughly our obligation to help others. Would Europe know our duty to America as American citizens? Then she must realize that every stone of the glorious temple of our liberty is cemented to its fellow by the heart's blood of a patriot, a bond of liberty far too precious indeed to risk mid petty European quarrels! America first! Such is the pleading cry that re-echoes through the years from the starved half-frozen forms of our gallant forefathers at Valley Forge, such is the fervent plea of the bullet-wounded blood-besprinkled heroes of Gettysburg, this the slogan of our boys in khaki on the shell-riddled fields of France! And silhouetted against this grand panorama of American History is the imperishable monument of Washington's character upon which is carved in bold relief the weighty words of this great statesman, the father of our country: 'The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations and have with them as little political relation as possible'."

But while our words and actions must ever cry "America first," we must likewise strive to extend God's blessings to other lands, and so erase forever from the face of the earth all thought of American isolation. Yes, America must take the lead! War, with its terrible flood of molten steel, its death-dealing concoctions of modern science, with its awful baptism of horrid, shrieking shrapnel poured over all,—all this we must strive to outlaw, for the dogs of war, unleashed, would prove hellish, with their bloody teeth fleshed in the white throat of civilization!

We must recognize this duty to mankind; and now on this era, when accused of isolation, we must lay a new corner-stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself. We must recognize this duty to our glorious ensign, the Stars and Stripes, for the red that flowed from the soldiers' heart, for the white that was bleached by a mother's tear, and thus keep the stars together so that they may continue to shine on before the eyes of the world, so that they may guide her war-weary populace to true peace and prosperity, that we may thus proclaim the eternal ideas of order and justice, that in the name of stability and civilization we may defend the cause of Europe, and thus prove to the ungrateful Europeans that America is not NOW and has NEVER been in sullen selfish ISOLATION!

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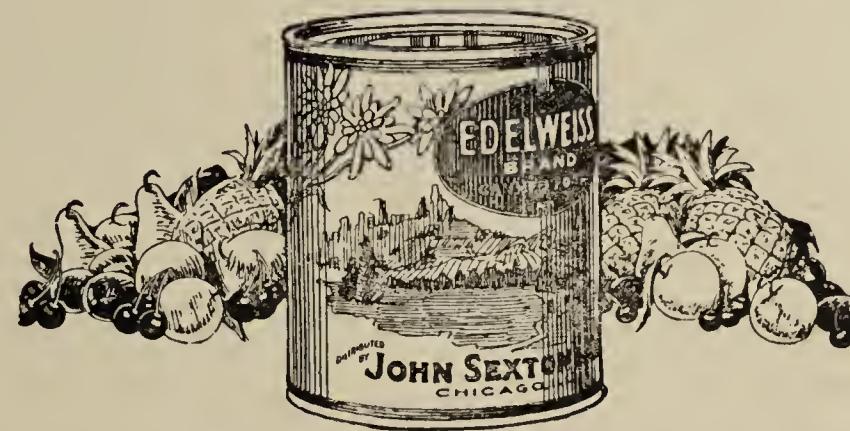
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Class Poem

(Continued from page 4)

Herbert A. Weier,
An athlete famed;
Whose mein'ry the gods
In glory framed.

Carl Willacker,
Logician great;
Destined for honor
By mighty Fate.

Marcus A. Vogel,
Handsome of face;
Whom the Muse hath touched
With classic grace.

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